

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur* Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great *Douglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Archbishops *Grace of Yorke*, *Douglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder *Percy*'s pay,
To dog his heeles, and curthe at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And God forgieue them, that so much haue swayed
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percy*'s head:
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And staine my fauours in a bloody maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-prayed knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meet,
For euery honor sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promise here,
The which if he be pleas'd I shall performe
I do beseech your Maiesty may salue,
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.
King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraigne trust herein.
How now good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of speed.

Enter Blunt.
Blunt. So hath the busines that I come to speake of
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath sent word,
That *Douglas* and the English rebels met
The eleuenth of this month, at *Shrewsburie*:
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promises be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered soule play in a state.

King. The Earle of *Westmerland* set forth to day,
With him my soone Lord *John of Lancaster*,
For this aduertisement is fife daies old,
On wednesday next *Harry* thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, we our selues will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you shall march
Through *Glocester-shire*, by which account
Our busines valued some twelue daies hence
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meet.
Our hands are full of busines, let's away,
Adantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.
Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not false away viley since this last action?
do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about
me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an olde
apple *John*. Well, ile repent, and that so dainely, while I am in
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